

Continuation of Gossip Joan

I TOLD thee, Gossip Joan,
 I'd call again to morrow;
 And now the time is come,
 I'll tell thee all my sorrow,
 Gossip Joan.

One night, when gone to bed,
 Inclined much to dosing,
 A death watch at my head
 Did keep my eyes from closing,
 Gossip Joan.

My Grannum dy'd next day;
 Tho' old, she was not willing;
 And, as her will doth say,
 She left me but one shilling,
 Gossip Joan.

Another night, 'tis true,
 When half awake, half sleeping
 The rush-light burning blue,
 I saw a ghost stand peeping,
 Gossip Joan.

I crept beneath the cloaths;
 It terribly did fright me!
 I cover'd eyes and nose—
 Good faith I did besh—te me,
 Gossip Joan.

And then within a trice,
 (To speak without cajouling)
 Beneath my window, thrice
 I heard a dog was howling,
 Gossip Joan.

No sooner out of bed,
 Than Cousin Bob came to me
 With news my Aunt was dead;
 Such things will sure undo me,
 Gossip Joan.

I spy'd two straws across;
 And tho' call'd superstition,
 It did foretell a loss,
 You'll find by my condition,
 Gossip Joan.

I'll make it plain appear,
 And nothing shall prevent me,
 I've broke the wicker chair,
 That Grammer Gubbins sent me,
 Gossip Joan.

The crossing of a hare,
 Or hearing crickets crying,
 Quite drives me to despair;
 My senses all are flying,
 Gossip Joan.

Tho' life a burthen seems,
 And now am full of sorrow,
 Yet by my last nights dreams,
 Some good may hap to morrow,
 Gossip Joan.